

Exo Pack: She Blinded Me With Science!

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Summary: The episode "Defying Olympus"...rewritten as a comedy!

Features the Swear Jar and gratuitous hockey jokes. NOT FOR CHILDREN...

Exo Pack: She Blinded Me With Science!

Exo Pack's "She Blinded me with Science!"

Scene 1: Mama Brood's Cosmic Love Shack, Olympus Mons, Mars.
Phaeton's command center.

Announcer: We return to find our heroes trapped, betrayed by the Chicken Marsala. How? Why? Only time will tell. The squad is in grave danger. However, they have turned the tables and captured that little rascal Phaeton. Will they escape? Probably. Will it be easy?

Sgt. Rita Torres (from her place in the lineup): As easy as trooper Weston, sir!

Announcer: Thank you Sarge! Ladies and gentlemen, we've got a great show for you tonight! Stay tuned!

(Theme song and all that good stuff)

(Return to scene 1)

Phaeton (In vinyl bondage): Although you have captured me, Able Squad, none of us will escape.

Lt. J.T. Deadmarsh #18: Well, shit. Marsala! What is the meaning of this?

Chicken Marsala: The only way to get inside was to pretend to betray you. I could not tell you this, because no Terran can resist a mind scan, a box of chocolates, and a dozen roses...which Phaeton was certain to use.

Deadmarsh: (blushes, looks to his roses and chocolate): Yeah, they are pretty nice... (sighs)

Phaeton: Marsala! You are a coward! You're so stupid you can't tell a screwdriver from a bus driver! You're so cheap, you steal from the Goodwill! You're so fuckin' cheap...

Marsala: I know you are, but what am I? (clears throat) Phaeton, although the terrans' treatment of Neo Sapiens is inhumane at times...

Neo guard: (Mocks Marsala, running his mouth and making talk signs with his hand)

Marsala: ...Your genocide is worse than any terran slavery! Loyalty, Phaeton. Respect. Peace. The only way to get through this is with loyalty, respect, and some bomb-ass chronic. Only then will both our races have a future.

Phaeton: Eat me.

(Typhonus enters carrying a blaster)

Typhonus: Able Squad! You have one minute to surrender! Cash it in, homies!

Deadmarsh: But, Typhonus! We have Phaeton as a hostage. We'll release him if you let us go....

Typhonus: I don't want that biznatch anywayz!

Phaeton: You traitor! You'd betray me for your own perverted desires?!

Typhonus: Yeah.

(Able Squad tries not to laugh)

Typhonus: Peace out, bro. (To troops via radio) A'ight, muthafuckas! Kill 'em all and let God sort 'em out! Peace, blood!

(Amphibious e-frame starts to beat down the door)

Phaeton: Able Squad, you have one more chance to surrender. In return, your deaths will be relatively painless.

Deadmarsh (Gathers squad into a huddle) Listen, team. We're down 3-2, end of the third period. Let's get out there and play dirty! We want that penalty box full!

Able Squad: Woof Woof Woof!

Phaeton: Deadmarsh, humanity's end is inevitable. Do you think the Red Wings' loss will make any difference?

Deadmarsh: It'll make a difference to me!

(Nara looks to ventilator shafts)

Lt. Nara Burns: J.T.! We can escape down the ventilator shafts!
(Bursts into a rousing rendition of the "Shaft" theme)

(Able Squad and Phaeton file in to the shaft, Nara dancing like a stripper)

(Scene 2: Typhonus' office.)

Radio: Typhonus! The terrans have escaped into the shaft.

Typhonus: I order their destruction! And a side of breadsticks.

Radio: But Typhonus!

Typhonus: I've got a coupon....

(Scene 3: Ventilator shafts. A neo guard drops down)

Torres: Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck!

Nara: (holds out a half-full jar marked "Swear Jar")

Torres: Oh, fine. (drops 22 quarters in the jar)

(Neo guards approach from the front and the rear, making Deadmarsh and Brewski blush. Brewski kicks down the door to a side shaft, the squad follows him in)

Trooper Kaz Tecate: Hey Brewski! Do you know where we're going?

Brewski: I plead the fifth.

Neo Guard: (To radio) Ah, Typhonus, we're fucked again. (Drops a quarter in the swear jar)

(Scene 27: Typhonus' office again.)

Typhonus: Let's take 'em out, yo! 4:20!

(Scene 18: Ventilator shafts. The shafts fill up with volcanic gas (read: Mary Jane) and the terrans stumble and cough all over the place)

Brewski: You choked it, man!

Tecate: Shut up, fucker! (drops a quarter in the swear jar)

(Nara turns blue and falls)

Marsala: Fuck! (digs in his pocket, can't find a quarter) Fuck! I'll charge it. (drops a credit card in the swear jar, helps Nara up)

Phaeton: Your inferior lungs cannot breathe the toxic gas.

Tecate: That's what they tried to tell us in D.A.R.E!

Trooper Alec "French Toast" DeLeon: Oh, whatever, Tecate. Phaeton, lead us to the surface!

Phaeton: And what if I don't?

DeLeon: Pleeeeeeeeze?

Phaeton: I'm only doing this because I have no choice. And, I have to go to the bathroom.

Marsala: Love can be Phaeton...

Tecate (whispers to Brewski): He was going to say, 'Can I pee in your butt!'

(Scene 19: Cliff edges outside the base. Terrans slowly recovering, except for Brewski and Tecate, who are still buzzin'.)

(Nara collapses)

Marsala: Fuck! (looks for another credit card)

(Phaeton uses this opportunity to disarm Marsala with a smile, knocking him down near the edge of the cliff.)

Phaeton: You weak, inferior, pathetic loser! (kicks Marsala over the cliff)

Marsala: (catches cliff edge) I'm made out of rubber, and you're made out of glue...

Phaeton: (picks up Marsala's gun, aims for Deadmarsh) Yes, Marsala...love can be PHAETON!

(Deadmarsh deflects the shot, but is launched by the balls into the mountainside. Undaunted, but unable to have children now, he rushes Phaeton, who catches his fist with little effort.)

Phaeton: Humans should understand their limitations.

(Deadmarsh drops to his knees in pain)

Phaeton (whispering): So...how'd you like to try some salty blue balls?

Deadmarsh: Hell no.

(Phaeton aims the gun at Deadmarsh's head, but is shot himself and falls over the cliff!)

Voice of Announcer: SHE SHOOTS SHE SCORES! GOAL BY BURNS!

Torres: Good shot!

Nara: Not really. I was aiming for his blaster. (rim shot)

(Scene 19.5: Same deal, minus Phaeton)

Torres: The climb down's gonna be a bitch! (drops a nickel in the swear jar)

Deadmarsh: We're not going down there. I'll take you apart right here right now, baby!

Torres: Que que como?

Deadmarsh: Oh. I meant, we're going to destroy Mama Brood's Love Shack!

Torres: We won't be able to do much damage without our fucking e-frames. (tosses a quarter behind her back, it lands in the swear jar)

Deadmarsh: Oh yeah? I learned how to hotwire Neo equipment from watching the A-Team. Check out that hangar!

Torres: But the air is thin up here, and it'll just keep getting thinner as we climb up!

Deadmarsh: Eat me, devil woman. (Licks his lips seductively)

(Scene 5: Climbing up the mountain. Deadmarsh reaches for a rock and it crumbles in his hand. Nara grabs a rock, it crumbles, and she falls. Marsala is able to catch her by the hair, and she finds a foothold.)

Nara: Oh, Marsala! I was almost finished...thank you. (Nara blushes and leans in to kiss him, but pulls away)

Marsala: (Helping her up the mountain) Climb safely, Nara Burns.

(Cut to the rest of the squad, crying and blowing their noses on their shirts) "How adorable!"

(Scene 17: Hangar. Lots of frames and neos and things)

(A neo mechanic notices Able Squad. Him and his buddies try to use the frames they were repairing, and one calls Typhonus.)

(Scene 28: Typhonus' office, yet again)

Typhonus: I'll be fucked like a Sunset Boulevard hoe! (Drops a quarter in his swear jar)

(Scene 17 II: The Sequel. Still in the hanger. Still lots of neos and frames and things.)

(Torres and Nara try unsuccessfully to hold off an e-frame with their hand blasters. Marsala hops behind it, whipping a fork out of his pocket, and smashes the fusion transformer.)

Marsala (riding the frame in a compromising position): I believe this is what terrans would call...doggy style.

(Torres blasts the frame from behind, sending it down the cliff.)

Torres: Booyeah! To' up from da flo' up! (Pause) But what's this? (Cut to Able Squad's E-frames) OH FUCK YEAH! (Drops a quarter in the

slot machine on the wall, getting a handful of quarters back and dropping one in the swear jar) Pimpin' ain't easy!

DeLeon: I'll bet they brought the frames here to examine the weapons.

Deadmarsh: Well, naw shit Sherlock. (Drops a dime in the swear jar) Hey, wait just a goddamn minute! My shit won't start! (counts out some change, drops it in)

DeLeon: I'll bet I can MacGuyver it! Anyone got any White-Out?

Marsala: I believe what we need right now is some French-Out. (rim shot)

(Scene 56: Outside. Neo frames and guards converge on landing bay's doors. Able Squad blasts their way out.)

DeLeon: I couldn't have done it without the Moonstar of Limbo!

Deadmarsh (uses his frame to kick DeLeon's fruity little frame in the butt) Ok, team! Head to the groovy grav lift shaft!

Voice of Announcer: DEADMARSH TAKES OUT THE GUARD! PASSES THE CENTER, LINES UP HIS SHOT...HE SHOOTS HE SCORES! GOAL BY DEADMARSH! TERRANS 2, SAPHES NOTHING! (Red light on the ceiling signals the goal)

Deadmarsh: Pimpin' ain't easy. Oh yeah. Rockin' and Rollin'. Who's your daddy? Aww shit. (drops a quarter in the jar) Cool as ice cream, hot as Torres. The baddest of the badd. The Sensei himself. El Taco Supreme. Captain Trips. He's on fire. Tearin' it up. Supa-fly. #1 on the charts. Who's the bitch and who's the hoe? (Drops a penny in the jar, gets a disapproving look from Nara, and drops in another nickel) The mack daddy. The daddy mack. He-man. There's a party in my pants, and everyone's invited. Rock on. The most awesome dude in the world. Ladies and gentlemen, J. T. Deadmarsh.

Torres: I hotwired your shit when you were running your mouth. (drops a quarter in the jar) You're welcome.

Deadmarsh: (Back to reality) Oh yeah. We were actually doing something. Um...fill your frames with all your ammo! Let's blow these fusion paks to the middle of next Tuesday!

Marsala: A nuclear detonation inside the magma chamber could destroy the whole mountain, sir. That's a whole period in the penalty box...think of their power play!

Deadmarsh: Duh, potato.

(Able Squad members disconnect after giving mental instructions to their frames to close up and walk in to the lava pit.)

Brewski (to his e-frame): We've been through a lot, buddy! (cries) It'll be so sad to see you go! (pours a beer in the cockpit) A last drink for my homie!

(Frames walk in to the lava. At the last minute, DeLeon's frame does a little twirl.)

DeLeon: We've got sixty seconds before detonation.

Nara: Always the pessimist...

(Phaeton shows up in a Cadillac e-frame)

Phaeton: None of you will leave here alive!

Torres: Oh, that just shits on my day. (Pulls a quarter out of DeLeon's ear, puts it in the swear jar)

(Phaeton rushes J.T., but he uses his thrusters and pounds Phaeton's phat ass in to the wall.)

Deadmarsh: (Trying to hold Phaeton down) To the groovy grav lift! (Phaeton shoots at the squad, but they manage to hop on the lift and start it up.)

Phaeton: (Aims at Torres) In terran terms, Sergeant, you are about to become a "crispy critter". (Deadmarsh fires a missile at Phaeton's back. He is undamaged.)

Phaeton: Direct hit, Lieutenant! I hope you are learning to appreciate Neo sapien technology!

Deadmarsh (whimpers): I think I just peed my pants...

(Scene 56: Groovy grav lift shaft, special sauce, pickles and onions, on a sesame seed bun)

(Neo guards and Able Squad having a nice little shootout. Deadmarsh dunks Phaeton in to the lava.)

Lifeguard: (blows whistle) NO DUNKING, KID!

(Phaeton emerges, still smelling like a rose. J.T. probably pees his pants again. Phaeton dips J.T.'s wing in the lava, and it catches fire.)

Phaeton: Your terran e-frames seem to lack the heat resistance of our Neo sapien ceramic heat coating. Shall we make a test?

Deadmarsh: No. Eat me.

Brewski: Son of a whore! I wish I had a beer! My frame wouldn't be half-bad either.

(Brewski's frame hops out of the lava, cracks Phaeton's windshield, zooms up, and hands Brewski a beer)

(Phaeton and Deadmarsh are knocked apart, and J.T. sticks his flaming wing in the windshield, trying to burn Phaeton's face off. Phaeton hauls ass out of there, J.T. sets his cockpit on fire.)

Deadmarsh: Not bad, for an expansion team.

(Cut to e-frames sinking in lava. Deadmarsh backs Phaeton against the

wall, and Phaeton nods as a sign of congratulations. However, lava knocks J.T. off his feet, and Phaeton runs away.)

Deadmarsh: Shit! (Coin return slot on e-frame spits quarter into swear jar)

(The grav lift begins to fall. Deadmarsh catches the lift on the wings of his frame, but is almost pushed down in to the lava. Finally, his thrusters do the trick, and he brings the lift back up. His left thruster explodes, sending the lift flying, and the squad jumps off. Deadmarsh gets out of his frame, letting it slide into the lava)

E-Frame: Goodbye, Lieutenant J.T. Deadmarsh, #18. Go Avalanche.

Deadmarsh: It...talked to me. Jesus fucking Christ in a chicken basket. Fucking Jesus Christ chicken in a biskit. Jesus fucking a chicken in a chicken bucket. Jesus H. Mother fucking Christ, up my ass, two fire hydrants to the left, in a fucking chicken basket. Ch-ching! (Puts 50 dollars in the jar)

Marsala: Humans are great creators, Lieutenant, though often unaware of the consequences of their inventions.

(Scene 666: Volcano exploding. All kinds of lava and shit pouring out.)

Marsala: We're all going to die. That sucks.

DeLeon: I thought you were supposed to be fucking philosophical. (Drops a franc in the swear jar, gets blasted in the face by Torres)

Deadmarsh: Well...my take on the whole situation is...it sucks out loud.

Nara: It sucks a fat one covered in cherries.

Tecate: It sucks a 6-pack down faster than I can!

Torres: It sucks a big fat hairy dirty ass.

DeLeon: Yeah, it sure does suck.

Charmander: Char! Charmander!

(Nara runs away from the charmander)

Deadmarsh: Wait! What's that?! (Points up to some lights in the sky)

(Scene 15Ltd.: Rescue ship, Weston's driving)

Trooper Maggie Weston (To radio) I'll be there in two shakes of a lamb's tail!

(The "get your booty on the bus" song starts)

Weston: OH HELL YEAH! I GOT A LINE!

(Able Squad, down below, cheering and waving)

Weston: This bus is LEAVING! (pause) Oh shit! I got another line!
(Torres shakes the swear jar in her face, she drops a quarter in)

Weston: Next stop, the Resolute! (Pause, victory dance) And she goes for three!

(Happy landing. Able Squad boards the rescue ship)

Tecate: Shotgun!

Torres: Fuck you!

Nara: Are you forgetting something?

Torres: Ah. (takes a deep breath) Fuck you, you motherfucking pussywhipped ass-licking rimjobbing shitfaced boner-biting bastard!
(drops a 10 dollar bill in the jar) Keep the change.

Fin.

End
file.